

i wanna be your dog by honeythyrus

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Summary:

“He’s eighteen with no goddamn idea what he’s doing. With his life, with his weed, and right now, with his right hand... slowly stroking his stomach. When did that start?”

Steve gets high. That's not too difficult to navigate, though he does gets weirdly introspective for a minute. Then, he tries to get off without thinking about dudes. Without thinking about one man in particular, really. That... proves to be a greater challenge.

i wanna be your dog

Author's Note:

Takes place in the short period of time after Steve graduates but before he gets hired at Scoops Ahoy.

Steve sits in his car in the otherwise empty driveway of his parents' house and sulks.

He wanted to get high tonight, but his usual plug moved back to the city, so he had to go to fucking *Greasy Ronnie* again. Christ, nobody tells you how humiliating it is to graduate high school and have to go to an 11th grader to buy your weed. The difference doesn't seem like much in theory, but in practice, it's like asking a middle schooler to help you with your math homework. He would've had experience in that, too, if he had slightly less pride last year.

Steve stares into the rear-view mirror at the last reds of the sunset. Ronnie definitely gave him a weird look when they met up. Jesus, now he's being judged by that guy, of all people?

As the clouds darken, he imagines Ronnie's internal monologue. "Dude, you could be smoking this at a college party surrounded by hot girls right now, if only you hadn't fucked it all up."

Well, that may all just be projection. Ronnie doesn't seem like the kind of person to think more than necessary about things that aren't Jimi Hendrix or over-buttered popcorn.

Whatever. It's not like he really cares about what Ronald thinks about him, anyway. Plus, both his parents are out, which means he gets to enjoy smoking by the pool. Steve gets over himself and gets out of the car, preparing to start the arduous process of rolling a joint.

He wouldn't call himself a stoner, but recently, he's been smoking more. It used to be a social thing, something he'd only do at parties

or with a group of friends. Now, it's just a nice escape at the end of the day.

Well, if he does keep up this pattern, he needs to learn how to roll joints better. Steve lets out an exasperated 'fuck' at his conspicuously lumpy third attempt. The weather isn't helping his mood, either. The summer heat is starting to tone down after the sunset, but the humidity is still enough to be uncomfortable.

Fishing a lighter out of his pocket, Steve settles down into the poolside chair with a grunt. It's moments like this that make him forget how exciting of a place Hawkins can be. A terrifying, gruesome kind, sure, but exciting nonetheless. It's only during the lulls that he realizes how tired it all makes him.

Steve takes a deep drag, remembering how absolutely bonkers the last couple of years have been. He hopes the kids are having fun, now that school's out. Especially El - she's been making incredible progress, the last time he saw her. He wonders if Hopper has been letting her explore Hawkins a little more.

He takes another hit and breathes out the smoke more forcefully than necessary, stifling a cough. Hell, he hopes Hopper is dealing with everything okay. It's weird to think about the chief as a dad, but Steve knows he's trying his best. Maybe Joyce is helping him.

He remembers seeing her last month with Will at the Bradley's Big Buy. He wanted to say hi, something more than a quick wave, but he's still not sure what he should call her in public. Miss Byers? That feels weird.

Anyway, there's definitely something up with her and the chief. Steve understands - the creative, emotionally available mom is hard not to like. And Hopper, well. He might be kind of a hardass, but he's a good guy. Plus, there's something about his assertiveness... yeah. Steve gets it.

Deep down, he knows he needs to stop thinking about Hopper like this - like he's some misunderstood Han Solo type. It's eventually going to bleed into the way he interacts with the chief, and that would be deeply embarrassing.

Besides, Hopper's just a guy who broke some rules and helped save the world a couple of times! Steve did that too. It was a collaborative effort.

Fuck. He wishes it was that easy to convince himself. And now he's started to think about Harrison Ford's stupid fucking chest hair, too.

He tries to remember being fifteen and going out to the quarry with Jenny E., heart nearly beating out of his chest as he went to rest his arm on the back of her carseat.

Steve wonders if that could play out again. How much farther he would get now, with his increased experience and all. Probably not with Jenny, but another pretty girl. He could lean over and kiss her, getting her excited by whispering about the prospect of a soft hand under her shirt.

Then again, the quarry is patrolled more now. They'd probably get caught. Steve conjures up Hopper again, leaning against Steve's car with a disappointed frown. Tucking his thumbs into his belt, accentuating the curve of an in-progress beer gut — coming to tell Steve he's a fuck up.

The sad part is, imaginary Hopper is right. He's eighteen with no goddamn idea what he's doing. With his life, with his weed, and right now, with his right hand... slowly stroking his stomach. When did that start?

His thoughts are interrupted by unpleasant heat at his fingertips. Steve curses; while he'd been lost in thought, the joint miraculously stayed lit and continued to burn away his hard-earned weed. He's left with a roach at best. Steve takes a last-resort hit, then lurches to his feet.

Well, despite his worries of wasted pot, he's definitely high now. The lights from his house bounce and diffract in the pool water. Ripples criss-cross in a net of blue. It beckons invitingly in the warm night air, and he briefly contemplates tipping forward into it, but decides not to. It wouldn't be the same without someone to laugh with.

God, he told himself he wouldn't get like this tonight. Nancy's doing

fine, he's doing fine, they're good as friends. If he still misses the comfort of their relationship, or her bashful smiles he thought were only for him, well, that's for him to get over. Alone.

Willing away the uneasiness, Steve heads inside. The routine task of locking the door, turning off the porch light, and brushing his teeth is a welcome distraction, and soon he's sprawled out on his bed.

Damn, the A/C feels good. Steve wriggles out of his shirt and leans forward to feel the cool air on his back. Stretches forward for a few moments to feel the ache in his lower back loosen, then flops back onto his pillows.

Going inside after a hot day is the closest thing he gets to the satisfaction of a post-practice shower, these days. Not the ones in the locker room — those are too quick and exposed to enjoy — but once he got home? Dried sweat and grime rinsing away, the feeling of water thundering into his back, was satisfaction to the highest degree.

There are other satisfying things you can do in your home shower that aren't allowed at school, of course. Steve's no stranger to the post-school masturbation session.

Though, now that he thinks about it, maybe there's a certain thrill to being in public. He never tried it, but he's thought about the possibility. Rattling off some lame excuse about sore muscles and waiting for everyone to leave the locker room, then jerking himself off.

He'd try to be quiet, at first, when he's not sure if everyone's gone. Palming himself to hardness then slowly stroking from base to tip. After a while, though, it'd feel too good and he'd probably slip up. Start making little noises. He's never been very good at being silent, so it's inevitable that he'd let short moans escape.

Maybe he would discover he wasn't the only one in the locker room, after all. Someone was over by the lockers, and was too surprised to say anything once Steve started touching his dick.

Maybe this guy would clear his throat to announce his presence, and

Steve would startle, not stroking himself anymore but still obviously, painfully hard. The guy would apologize, and it'd be super awkward for a moment, but then he says he was planning on doing the same thing and Steve's cock would twitch in expectation.

Damn, this got out of hand really quickly. Steve looks down at his tenting pants and groans. Great, now he was getting off to indecent exposure *and* other dudes.

Not ready to be beaten by his own psyche quite yet, Steve sticks a hand under his mattress and retrieves the faded Playboy magazine that's kept him company for the last two years. It's in pretty sad shape; there's more than one embarrassing stain, and all the pages with nudity have been dogeared and straightened back out so many times the corners have fallen off.

Steve opens it up to the centerfold, undoes his pants, slicks his hand, and... sighs. Honestly, he's seen this face (and body) so many times the thrill of the illicit photo has kinda worn off. Steve feels a fondness for the playmate of the month more than actual attraction at this point.

So, no visual aid, then. That's fine. He's able to retreat into his mind, and then he doesn't need to worry about stuff like 'how did she get into this?' and 'I wonder what kind of pay she's getting'. He hopes Henriette is doing alright these days.

What was he thinking about earlier? Jenny E., out by the quarry. She started bleaching her hair over the last couple of years, which looks fine, but Steve will always remember her with the dark brown bob she had in sophomore year. He would always watch her tuck it behind her ear from the back row of Mrs. Field's class, tracing the shell of her ear with bubblegum-pink nails.

Massaging his cock, Steve thinks about tucking her hair away for her, running his thumb over her flushed cheek. She would lean in and nervously press her lips against his, leaving a smear of pink behind when she pulls back.

A different image flashes into Steve's head - smeared pink lipstick, starting out on his lips this time. A masculine hand rubbing it away

from the corner of his mouth, calling him a pretty boy, a beautiful slut.

Steve hears himself let out an audible gasp at that thought. Fuck, it's so embarrassing, but he loves being called pretty. Nancy called him that sometimes, before kissing his cheek with that knowing grin.

He knows some people call him that behind his back. Sometimes meant as an insult, like he's too soft. He used to feel shame at it, like they want, but that's stupid- what kind of crime is it to be beautiful?

"It's because to be called beautiful by another man is meant to be ridiculed," a voice in the back of his head whispers.

No- y'know what, fuck that. Steve's gotten a lot better about being honest in his feelings, whether they're socially appropriate or not. He's not hurting anyone.

It's hard to realize that other people's opinions aren't the most important thing in the world. Despite the horror of it all, witnessing his town being nearly annihilated and a group of nerdy tweens being the best hope for salvation will help open your mind.

So, Steve likes being pretty. He likes when people appreciate the time he puts into his appearance. He likes getting complimented on how nice his hair smells, and he likes being able to complain when it gets messed up.

And, god, it feels great to get messed up, too. To have his hair ruined by hands threading through it and *pulling*. He thinks about nails against his scalp, teeth against his neck, and groans. Fuck, he needs to be devoured. Used by someone, overstimulated until he's blinking away tears.

Stroking himself to a slow rhythm, Steve's mind wanders back to Hopper, again. He certainly gets around, if the town gossip is to be trusted.

Maybe he's an uncharacteristically gentle lover. Steve thinks about Hopper between the legs of one of his one night stands, pressing a kiss into the bend of the faceless woman's knee.

Steve kicks his pants all of the way off and runs his non-dominant hand up his thigh - imagines stubble scraping against the sensitive flesh there.

He thinks it might be cute if Hopper was shy. Mumbling “sorry, you’re younger than I’m used to,” as his calloused hands made their way around Steve’s waist. Rubbing nervous circles into Steve’s hip bones as he grinds their cocks together.

It’s more likely that he’s a hard fuck, though. He’d probably want to keep attachment out of it as much as possible. And how many times has Steve fantasized about Hopper bending him over a desk, pulling his pants down, and roughly working him open with his fingers?

Steve whimpers, speeding up his strokes. It’d probably be easy for Hopper to manhandle Steve into whatever position he wanted. Steve might have to put in work to seduce the chief, but he’s sure once they were going at it Hopper would be willing to take the lead.

He’s caught glimpses of Hopper’s torso, throughout the years. Steve thinks about running a hand over that fur. Thumb over a hard nipple, earning him a gruff “easy there, kid”.

He wishes he could see Hopper on his porch in the summer mornings. The thought of Hopper in nothing but a white undershirt and boxers makes Steve jerk his hips up involuntarily. He’d probably smell like musk and stale coffee and cigarette smoke, contrasting with the artificial freshness of Steve’s hairspray, dark and acrid masculinity.

Maybe he’d let Steve mix their scents, rubbing up against the older man like a horny mess. Tease him enough, and Hopper would leave him with cumstained pants and a freshly fucked mouth.

Hopper seems like the kind of person to be prepared with condoms anywhere he goes. Steve wonders if he could convince the chief to fuck him in the back of his Chevy.

Steve’s hand jerks desperately along the length of his cock. He knows it’s a trope in porn, the slutty young college kid wanting an older man to show them the ropes. Maybe Hopper watches that kind of thing, touches himself and thinks about Steve’s long legs splayed

open like they are right now.

Fuck, he's so close. Steve can't believe he's going to cum for what feels like the thousandth time at the thought of this stupid fucking man who barely glances in his direction.

He thinks about Hopper finally getting some time alone in his cabin, pants undone and undershirt bunched up above his gut. Drink in one hand and palming himself with the other.

He'd get flushed thinking about thrusting his cock into Steve's warm, inviting holes. Probably would imagine holding Steve down by the back of the neck as he pounded into him. Letting out a quiet growl as he strokes himself through a much-needed orgasm.

It's at this thought, imagining that soft rumble of pleasure in the back of Hopper's throat, that tips Steve over the edge. Cum spatters onto his exposed stomach as Steve lets out a breathy 'oh fuck'.

He lays there for a moment, floating in that post-orgasm glow. Feels his limbs grow heavy. He teeters dangerously close to falling asleep.

Steve remembers to clean himself off and turn out the lights before he's unconscious, but only barely. That orgasm burned through what remaining energy he had.

Before the shroud of sleep covers him completely, Steve thinks about the quarry again. Maybe he should swing by there at night, sometime. Maybe he'll get caught.

Author's Note:

okay, okay, obligatory disclaimer from your queer leftist author - i'm a firm believer that ACAB, even when they're small town bears.

however: you can't tell me Steve didn't struggle a little bit with his identity as he grew out of the 'asshole jock' archetype, and, well, fantasizing about the hot chief of police can help with that.